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KLONDIKE CHEM

or

THE GOLD RUSH OF '36

'Tis a hot summer night in the year of our Lord, 1972 A. D., and the country store at Steam Corners (total population 101 souls) is crowded to capacity with its usual Saturday night quota of oldtimers. Cracker boxes and nail kegs are doing double duty, and standing-room is at a premium. Loud guffaws and cackling "Yessiree's!" accompanied by resounding slaps on the thigh, provide the chief noise effects for our little rural drammer.

Outside on Main Street (the one and only street, to be exact) are heard the strains of "Ach de Lieber Augustine," coming from the town hall. None other than that incomparable combination German-hilly-billy band, led by the ol' maestro, Georgie Bonn, '35, furnishes the music for the country lads and lassies to shuffle to in that great All-American sport of barn-dancing!

Inside the store, the conversation veers to reminiscences of that historic mile-stone, the gold rush of '36! Participated in by every graduating Chemical Engineer old enough to wield a shovel the exhausting trek towards that land of fabulous wealth, industry, started for most of these prospectors as long as five or six years before, some of the most hardy making it in four.

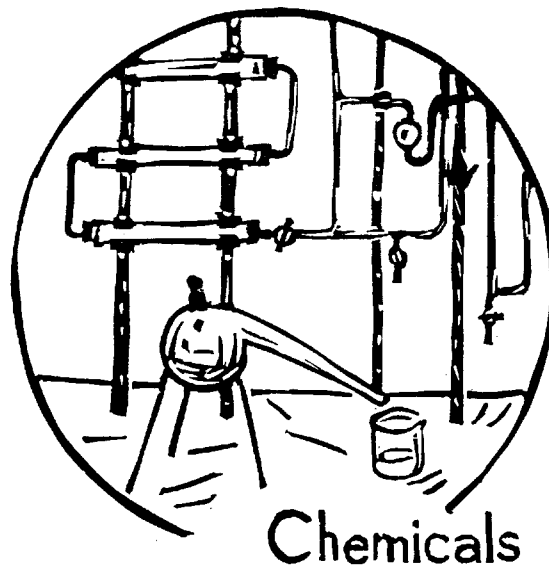
And now the roll-call is taken by chief sour-"dough-boy," **John P. Haughton**... This reunion demands the recounting of every detail of that seemingly endless journey, yet interspersed with many pleasant incidents. John, being elected president of the A.I.Ch.E., naturally heads the group and acts as toastmaster.

(Your star reporter, Wynnies Wineshell, of the Ohio State Engineer, now offers the following as his duly authenticated scoop of the experiences and activities during their journey, of the twenty-odd prospector-Ch. E's. who made history in the gold rush of '36).

John P. Haughton started out 'way down in Texas, and missed being a drug-store cowboy by inches (so they say). High enough in scholarship to rate Tau Bete, he also had time to cultivate those qualities of leadership which led to his election as prexy of the A.I.Ch.E. Practically, but not necessarily married, he wanted to run a rubber plant somewhere in Mexico. We wonder whether his being president of Delta Alpha Pi had anything to do with his hygroscopic affinity for Tom Collins.

That bodacious flute-tooter, **Harland C. Anderson**, played in the University Orchestra for a while. Being an advanced militiaman and experienced summer camper, 'tis said he likes best to travel—to town, to be truthful!

Catron, Chaney, and Coffman, (Joseph W., Paul E., and Benj. F., resp.) were the mysterious three musketeers; said reporter being unable to dig any info, dirt,



or otherwise in their vicinity. (They're probably the barber-shop quartet that should accompany Georgie Bonn's German-hilly-billy band!)

And then up sprang "Hot-Foot" **Robert A. Ewing**, with a (Guess what?) in the sole of his shoe. Yessir, a lighted match! He was another of those 90% temper, 10% mental, musicians, sliding a trombone for that world-famous O.S.U. marching band. A verry, verry versatile man, Bob excelled in swimming, tennis, sailing, football, etc. (right from his own mouth, quote!). Went to the Library chiefly to view the scenery, and says the boys still call him "Quinsy," for doesn't he hail from that historic town of Quincy, Mass?

Just another B. M. O. C. was **Charles Everett Green**, who was claimed as a member by no less than Tau Beta Pi, Phi Lambda Upsilon, and Phi Eta Sigma. An erstwhile violin player, he wanted to emulate Richard Halliburton, tho' he thinks Dick is a slight prevaricator.

A real antiquarian was **Walter C. Lorenz**, who thought in '36 that Curtis was still our vice-president. Although he said he hated Chem. Engineering then, he's getting used to it by now!

A Bexley heart-interest helped keep **Harold A. Meyer** busy on his march to fame. In fact, it even made him go to the library three times a week, some kind of a record, certainly! His chief desire was to play any kind of a horn in a band, as long as he didn't have to write reports!

Champion for men's rights is **Harry V. Miles**, who wanted to sock women who smoke 'way back in '36. A Tau Bete and a procasinator, he had great ambitions.

1, 2, and 3, in order: To travel, to be a sales engineer, and get a Dusenbergs.

The title of an A-1 good fellow fell upon the broad shoulders of **Robert N. Miller**, a charter member of that brotherly organization, the Tower Club. His greatest thrill was hearing his name announced over the loud-speaker at the stadium, as a center on the football team. A Tau Bete and Phi Eta Sigma, he also had time to lighten the struggles of fellow prospectors with the renditions in rhythm of his "Ohio State Ambassadors" for many campus affairs.

Although **Joseph G. Mravec** hates snoring, he still likes to remember Prof. Wilson Dumble's English classes. Coming from near Praha, Czechoslovakia, in 1920, he now speaks English well and can still speak, read and write Czechoslovakian. He was elected secretary of A.I.Ch.E. for his skill in finding out what went on in said meetings without his actual attendance.

A two-gun desperado is **Clyde C. Phillips**, who has only an initial "C" for a middle name (an orchid to you, Clyde!) He thought Chem. Engineering 707 was his most interesting course.

That scholarly-looking chap, **Leland F. Roy**, enjoyed Trigonometry, but it might be because he was born in Passaic, N. J. He attended the library regularly once a year, but has no pet gripe. He was once on the editorial staff of the Ohio State Engineer, and that may be the reason he wears glasses now.

Now **Donald Herbert Seeds** disliked the "worry of it all," but thought compulsory military was okey-doke. A Triangle man, he stayed single because he was always "broke." He drove a Pontiac then, maybe that's the reason!

Scoop and double scoop! **Robert F. Snider** still thoroughly enjoys the last 15 minutes of his sleep every morning. Although a Tau Bete, he doesn't like dancebands, chiefly because "there are too few hours in the day to waste on sech goings-on," sez he.

Bill or Red or Sandy or just **Taylor**, (William), went to the main library exactly twice in four years, once to get out of the rain. (Another record, it seems to your scribe). A Tau Beta Pi, he still can hit that ol' cuspidor for a hole in one. (Mail Pouch, girls, is the secret of his success.) And still had enough breath left over to play a clarinet in the Artillery Band, too, by gosh!

It seems that those strong, silent men are still with us. Take **Ned A. Thacker**, for instance. With Military as his chief activity, he of course was claimed by Scabbard and Blade. He plays bridge as a hobby, but this reporter can't feature it as a talk-fest, under Ned's influence. And it seems that working was his chief object in that unforgettable gold-rush of '36. Well, miracles do happen!

Remember that handsome blonde-haired blue-eyed woman-charmer, **Dan A. (Danny) Truesdell**? He got his heritage, no doubt, from Evanston, Ill., where they grow beautiful women (sez he). Or maybe, it was just his current "flame." Danny landed a job with the

Ralph M. Parsons Construction Co. in Chicago immediately after graduation. (Lucky stiff!)

P.S. He alone, of all the Ch. E's., admits that the Allies won the World War. Imagine!

Joseph Vasilosky is another of those super he-men, which chews terbacca fluidly (?) He had the misfortune to have to change his Lithuanian name of Vasiliauskas to his present one, because one of his grammar-school teachers couldn't spell it! Joe disliked eight o'clock classes, but has worked at Fisher Body Plant in Cleveland, so he must be able to get up by now, anyway.

Looky, looky, looky, here comes—yessir, none other than that fightin' man, **Norbert A. Voss**, captain of O. S. U's fencers! Be careful there, boy; he has a wrist as strong as a horse and arms like greased lightning, they say. A swell fellow, Norbert, but I'll take pistols, pleez!

William R. Ward went south for gold, under the auspices of the Standard Oil Co. of N. J. He developed himself all in one year by going out for frosh wrestling (oh, yeah!), also frosh Y-council. He acquired that amooosing habit of twiddling his thumbs from following telegraphy as a hobby, and "Pratt" is his middle name, not his nick-name!

A gold fiend is **Paul W. Wilcox**, which means his middle name is "Wing" for good reasons, probably. When asked, "Why didn't you shave this morning?", he sez, sez he, "Aw g'wan, thet's jist the hair on my chist!" Needless to say, his most popular hobby is having dates.

And last, but not necessarily least, comes Mama's lil T-Bone steak, **Arthur A. Wuest**. Vice-president of the A. I. Ch. E., he fittingly adjourns the session until "the next Sattidy night."